

# SPIRITUAL

# TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 152.

## The Principles of Nature.

### THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

BY LEO.

A white-robed angel of pure seraphic beauty, with an eye gleaming with pensive thought and a soul full of gushing tenderness—a countenance lit up with majestic benignity, and a voice of ethereal loveliness, with voice bleeding harmoniously in the music of the celestial spheres—left her bright home, on wings of viewless air sought the abode of the *esperant* child. This bright angel wore upon her head a wreath of garlanded flowers, in which was ingeniously wrought these words—"Love never faileth." The angel's countenance now glowed with resplendent light, for her mission was one of love and sympathy.

As she approached the supernal spheres her soul was filled with unspeakable delight. Floods of light burst upon her, and she felt clear and effulgent, but as transparent as the purest air. She paused a moment to drink in the beautiful light which surrounded her. She listened with rapture to the music which filled the air and resounded from sphere to sphere, till she reached the throne of the Eternal. Not long did she pause, she glanced down far below—down, down to the rudimental world; and as she beheld the weary pilgrim, with bleeding feet, treading earth's dreary pathway, love, pity, and sympathy took possession of her generous soul. She turned toward a bright circle that was shining the song of the redeemed. The Angel of Love knelt before the throng, and addressed them:

"Angel-characters, who so touchingly chant the song of welcome—ye who have arrived at this high summit of progression, and have had written upon your foreheads, 'Wisdom, Love, Life, Light, O listen to the words which love in its sweetness may speak.'"

The angels laid aside their golden harps, gently raised the veiling messenger, and said, "Kneel not to us, for thou art a crown, an enduring crown, a flawless wreath; within those unsparing flowers will be entwined further truth, and the word Saviour will be wrought in their opening petals. But speak, thou Angel of Love; tell us the thoughts which radiate thy countenance."

The angel raised her soul-lit eyes and said, "I have come to you who have transcended the lower spheres, and have reached to the high summit of wisdom, to assist me to go on a journey of love to yonder planet—the rudimental sphere—and to reach the hearts of those who are groping in mid-air darkness. Oh, let us go and wipe the sad tears from those that long have wept! They will, perhaps, listen to an angel's voice, and will gladly catch the soft whispers which fall like dew upon their weary hearts. Oh, let me go!"

"Thou art a loving ministering spirit," exclaimed Wisdom, "but thou art not wise. Think you that earth's spheres would listen for a moment to a voice from heaven, high that voice be full of angelic sweetness? They will, indeed, listen to the idea of communion with angels; they are lost in blindness—they have had light, but heeded it not; they are almost forgotten the divine Teacher who lived and died for the world, who left indelible words of truth, love, and wisdom to guide the soul heavenward. Did not the sun of truth, gloriously in the eastern sky, and has it not pointed with thy finger to this bright goal, ever since the glad hour when morning stars sang together for joy? 'Tis useless—they do not listen though one should go from the highest of our spheres' mansions."

The Angel of Love again raised her tearful eyes and said: "Because man is so lost in worldliness that I plead so readily. I know he has erred; I know he has sinned; I know he is unwise, but I know he is capable of attaining the highest angelic elevation. Our love should be greater, far than his folly."

The rich intonations of the Spirit-voice have ceased; the angel's head has bowed; an angel's tears are bathing the feet of those exalted Spirits, Wisdom and Truth. Silence reigns, the music of the adjoining spheres is hushed, and all is

at once sweet melodies are heard, and as the sounds die away in the distance, a Spirit bright and heavenly advances. Approaches the Angel of Love, gently raises her drooping head, and gazes lovingly into her softened eyes. "Thou ministering Spirit—sweet child of sympathy and consolation—I have come from my Father's throne to lay my hand upon thy head, and to bless thee, dear child of pity. Thy pleading has found its way to the heavenly Father's ear, and to the throbbing heart. Thou hast plead for weary human beings, strike anew the golden harp. Let your glad strains be higher, still higher; but let softness mingle with the higher, still higher; but let softness mingle with the higher, still higher. From that tear-stirring strain shall flow, from those opening buds which deck thy crown shall sweet flowers bloom, and they will emit heavenly incense. Wisdom and Truth dared not stand thee on so high a mission. They are not as tender as thou, but all their wisdom they see not what thou seest—that love

is stronger than hate; that good is more powerful than evil; that peace is more eloquent than war. Right will conquer, love never faileth. Go, my child, and my Spirit shall accompany thee. I know that the world still needs angels of love to awaken it from its long, long sleep."

The Angel of Love raised her drooping head and laid it gently upon the Saviour's breast. A throng of bright Spirits now approached and cast garlands at his feet. Little children came also with pale blue and white flowers, and scattered them upon the head of the Saviour—of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The calm and placid angel called Hope now came near, and drew Love to his side, and said: "I have brought thee a wreath of evergreens, interspersed with white roses. I would now place it upon thy brow, for the hour has come for thee to depart on thy mission; but say, gentle sister, may I not accompany thee on thy errand of mercy? The hour may come when thou wilt be desponding. Let me be by thy side to whisper words of hope and encouragement. Sister, let me go with thee."

The Angel of Love was almost entranced by the music of Hope's sweet voice, and in like-like tones she thus replied: "Speak on, oh, speak on, sweet Angel of Hope; the soft melodies of thy voice will fall like healing balm upon the hearts of crushed humanity. Breathe thy inspiration alike upon those who grope in darkness, as upon those who revel in heaven's radiant sunlight. Speak as lovingly to the guilty soul as to the more pure in heart. Yes, we will go together—together, will we ascend the ladder of truth and ascend the ladder of truth so that it will be able to drink in the beauty and harmony of these celestial spheres."

"Tis a calm, holy hour, the hour of twilight; a group of mourners is seen by the lifeless body of a cherished friend. They have refused to be comforted, for they fear the dead will not live again. They see no fairy bowers where a loved friend is met by angels, and crowned with a wreath of loveless beauty. They hear not the rich music breathed from angel harps as they chant the glad song of welcome. Neither do they see the white-robed Spirit which but a few hours before inhabited the clay-cold form before them. They see her not enveloped in the calm breezes of immortal love; they see not the softened beauty that now lights up the new-born Spirit. All to them is dark. But hark! what were those sylvan sounds?—whence comes that gentle whisper?—what fairy-like forms are those gliding about the room, seen only by the visionist? A glad smile now lights up the mourners' sad faces, for the twin angels, Hope and Love, have succeeded in whispering into their ears words of peace. In her hands they have placed immortal flowers, and have revealed to her the glad tidings of the soul's capacity to again visit the earth."

The angel's work is now commenced. The dark, gloomy prison is visited. Hope and Love are now found kneeling beside the condemned. Hope whispers of the "better land"; Love places her hand upon the stiffened limbs and gently raises the cold chain that it may not press too heavily upon the already swollen cords. She addresses him as she has others, who have drunk deep from sorrow's cup. Her voice is as soft as the gentle snow-flake. It has no note of bitterness—no words of reproach. She drops tears upon his aching head; she soothes away his despair, and chases the dark shadows from his soul; she breathes into his disturbed spirit the serene breath of peace. Love flows into all his being; he bows his head and weeps like a child. Then there are heard sweeter accents still, for a voice of gushing melody is saying, "Go, and sin no more."

While Hope and Love are traversing from city to city, from heart to heart, strange rumors are abroad in the rudimental sphere. The cry of "humbug and delusion" falls on the ear. The forces of opposition have been set in motion. Wise men investigate the new and strange doctrine of "heaven open to man." In upper rooms may be found philosophers, moralists, doctors of divinity, editors, lawyers, physicians, men of science, professors of chemistry, electricity, mesmerism, psychology, etc., all, all devising ways and means to retard the progress of angels. They hint at prisons—at shutting up houses of worship—thinking thus to keep out ministering Spirits. They say, "This agitation must be stopped. The world is running mad; Spiritualism threatens to overturn our beloved institutions; many are leaving our churches." "Our craft is in danger," says the physician; "the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the lame to walk, and more wonderful things are done at the present time than were done in the days of Christ."

Thus the wise men talk; they make suggestions, they guess, but all to no purpose. The angels are working still; numberless Spirits now throng the air. Love and Hope have prepared the way; they heed not the warning voice of the conservative. Yea, no earthly power can chain an angel form—no "evangelical" body can hush an angel's whisper. Priestcraft may rear its powerful head and deal out its anathemas, yet it has not power to hide angel-forms from those whose interior vision has been opened, and who have had revealed to them the ineffable loveliness of the celestial spheres. \* \* \*

There is joy in heaven, for the twin-angels have returned.

In their hands is borne the olive branch of Peace, and upon its branches these words are inscribed: "In the rudimental sphere may be found some choice Spirits—some who are now willing to be co-workers with us and labor for love and freedom."

Humanity is not totally depraved. Though earth is full of barren wastes, it has its fertile spots, its flowering lawns. Society must answer for its prison-houses, the strong and mighty must answer for the wrongs, the outrage enacted on the weak and helpless children of want. Ignorance is swelling the tide of misery, but when men shall have become enlightened—when they shall have come into the glorious sunlight of love and freedom, they will see the folly of trimming off the branches to remedy the evil while the canker-worm is gnawing at the root, the source whence proceeds all the evils which now cause humanity to breathe its sigh of despair.

Again the Angel of Love seeks the wisdom-spheres. Soberly as the descending snow did she approach the circles of truth and wisdom. Gently she said, "Help me, oh, help me to be wise—wisdom is needed as well as love. Truth also is necessary to the growth of the soul. I have been instrumental in awakening many of earth's children from sleep, and now I would teach them wisdom and truth, and I would ask you to accompany me, to impress upon their now plastic souls your words of power. They now need to be taught by you who are so well skilled in wisdom and knowledge." A deep note of applause was heard through this lofty sphere, and as these wise angels gathered their robes about them to accompany Love to the earth-sphere, music from every sphere was heard. It was a harmonious blending of all the wisdoms and the loves. It surpassed in softness and melody all that had before been heard. The angels, even, were entranced, and joined in the grand chorus reverberating from sphere to sphere, "Love never faileth."

There is a pause in heaven—the angel hand have laid aside their golden harps; hushed are their soft-breathing melodies; entrancing music which but a moment before filled the heavenly spheres now dies away in softest cadence. What has hushed those dulcet strains? What magic power has thus silenced the angel songsters?

Those sweet minstrels have met the uplifted eye of the Angel of Love! Beside her is a human spirit. Dark spots are seen upon this new-born soul. Love has placed her arm about her and is gently pointing the way to the upper spheres. The angels gaze with glowing admiration upon the advancing Spirit. They pause until the new-born soul has power to listen to their entrancing music.

But see! they wait not till the weary one reaches them, but on wings of love they hasten to assist the wanderer to rise to their home of beauty and repose.

Now the Spirit advances rapidly; she is encircled by a holy throng; little children scatter flowers along her path; Hope is whispering of fairy bowers where Peace is twining immortal buds to deck the ransomed Spirit. In this bower of love the soul now pauses, lifts her longing eyes to brighter realms, and views with rapturous delight the flowing waters of progression dancing in the beautiful sunlight. She almost fancies she hears their gentle murmuring, and she longs to bathe her fevered brow in this river of life as it flows on peacefully through shady groves, where perched upon leafy boughs is the gentle white dove, bearing an olive leaf, emblematical of peace, purity, perfection, and love.

Hark! what mean those heavenly voices? Whence comes that dulcet strain? \* \* \* Again there is joy in heaven, for a dark Spirit is born into the glorious sunlight of love. The lost is found, and there is great joy in heaven over the sinner that repented!

But where is the Angel of Love? Has she folded her bright pinions, and does she now rest from her labors? Nay; her mission is not yet ended. So long as there is one child of sorrow; so long as one mourner weeps in gloomy silence, or one lone Spirit laments in sadness; so long as one crushed heart pulsates with woe; so long as the weary pilgrim treads earth's toilsome pathway, so long will the Angel of Love come to the earth-sphere. She will not leave earth's children desolate; she will come and fan our weary brow, and soft breezes from heavenly hills will cool our restless spirit. \* \* \*

HOPKINS, Feb. 26th, 1855.

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.—We are apt to become skeptical as to the existence of spiritual beings in perfect form and substance which we can not see. It is only necessary to reflect that the common atmosphere around us is matter of some kind; and were a being to be made even of substance so dense, it would be invisible to us. But again, there are substances of a much lighter nature. Hydrogen gas is twelve times lighter than the atmosphere. Let us suppose a being constituted of this. It would be utterly invisible to our senses. Why, then, will we doubt because we can not see? The eye of the spiritual body is much finer than the eye of such a body would be. The electrical organization is as substantial as a solid rock

W. N. F.

### SPIRIT-PROPHECIES AND WARNINGS.

The following was received on the 26th of November. The medium felt impressed to relate to his room and write. On taking up the pen he felt impressed to write the following names:

General Jackson, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, J. Q. Adams; to which were appended, when it was announced, these words:

"A circle of Wisdom, Science, and Statesmanship." The writing then proceeded.

Caution them learn the lessons they would teach, and improve by knowing them? Then know that in thy own country Spirits are operating to enlighten and reform mankind. They seem not to work, and still great things are accomplished. European despotism is now warring with itself, and from the self-made ruins will arise freedom of thought and freedom of action. The great battle of Liberty is the battle of God, and it is now being fought. Russia will not be conquered, but will be paralyzed. France will be better prepared to sustain her Liberty when once it is attained, and England will lose all the progress of monarchy. Turkey will be reformed and become severed from the wild traditions of Mohammed, and all Europe will become liberalized. This is the inevitable result, and God has determined it. The religion of the world must become the Humanitarian, and this will become general in a brief space of time, for God has willed it.

On the duty and destiny of America there is much we would say. It has been ordered, in the providence of God, that in this fruitful and extended country all the resources of wealth should be deposited. Lakes and rivers for the supply of the vast inland with useful employment, and to afford easy access to the great oceanic border, abound. Mineral wealth is stored in its broad and fertile bosom, and only requires a small amount of enterprise to yield their treasures in abundance. As the forest yields to the axe of civilization, immense coal fields are discovered just beneath the crust of the soil. As the arts and sciences penetrate the extreme West, gold and the precious metals are found deposited in inexhaustible mines. But still more sure and unfailing wealth is everywhere ready to bless the husbandman's toil when applied with skill and adapted to the various grades of soil and climate. It is this alone that makes the Western World the home of the oppressed of all lands, and will make it the Eden of earth's loveliness for all time to come.

But this fair heritage—this hope of humanity—is in danger of forgetting its mission. It should ever stand up as the firm supporter of down-trodden humanity—the defender of its crushed, yet cherished hopes—the sustainer of its rights, and the advocate of justice to the poor of all lands. Yet, how is it with her now? Lecherous hands have stained the page of her history. Villainous hearts have marred the beauty of her bright escutcheon by leaving there the blot of their own villainies. Selfish ambition has led those in high authority to disregard the rights of mankind, and barter the dearest principles of freedom by the most unprincipled political intrigues for individual promotion and base partisan interests. These things must not continue, for surely if they do, the opportunities of being foremost among nations in redeeming mankind and bringing in the glorious reign of Peace, Liberty, and Love—or, in other words, of Fraternity, Justice, and Universal Right—will be lost, and some of the oppressed nations of the world will raise up the ensign of PROGRESSION and LIBERTY, and gather the nations beneath its folds, while America will become a by-word and a reproach to all people.

This is no idle dream, but an imposing reality, and the altar-fires of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, which shone so brightly once, then dimmed and went out when the rust of avarice and the canker of licentiousness caused them to be neglected, speak more than prophecy to the people of the United States.

Let them remember that the blood of their Revolutionary battle-fields was spilled for Liberty—that the years of her patient founders were spent in sacrifice and toil to lay the foundation of that temple which Egypt, Greece, and Rome had failed to build—that their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor were pledged to sustain it, and their whole energies were devoted in uprearing its pillars. Let them know too, that, with the holy angels, their pure Spirits are now being held, with anxiety for the good of mankind, the course pursued by the people and those in authority, and that their great Spirit-hearts throb with the warm pulsations of earnest regard for the well-being of this Republic, which they still hope to see perpetuated and its boundaries enlarged until it shall embrace in the "Model Government" all the nations of the earth.

People of America, will you see your country rise in the glory of her mighty prowess as an arbiter of peace among nations? Will you help to perpetuate her free institutions and to lead her on to this her most glorious destiny—to become the mother of disenthralled nations, whose full breasts shall give nourishment to humanity redeemed? Then battle on, and always for the Right. Let your great national heart always beat in unison with Liberty, and the nation's voice ever sound for the release of the oppressed. Let the moral sense of the whole people ever be roused against wrong, and the spirit of true charity always be brought to operate upon the wrong doer.

then shall your nation indeed be blessed, and under the favor of Heaven rise in the glory and grandeur of her moral wealth, and in the store of individual and collective worth, above all others.

The mission of these States is but just commenced. A career of prosperity and usefulness unrivaled in all the past, with prudent councils and judicious direction, awaits the future of Young America. A halo of glory which the nations have never seen surrounds her days of promise. The Goddess of Liberty has brought all her destined powers to bear for her advancement, and now will she not with joy fulfill her whole destiny? One thing alone gives token of fear. It is that feeling of diversity of interest which is tending to divide the unity of feeling and action, and is operating to widen the breach between one another. Let Americans know that their interests and objects are one, that they have a common work and a common duty, and let them unite in performing it. There is no room for diversity in the work of redeeming mankind from the oppression of despotism, caste, or creed. All efforts in that direction tend one way, and must blend to be effectual.

The duty of all Americans, and of all who are intending to adopt America as their future home, is plain. All else must be laid aside and forgotten save a desire to perpetuate and adorn her free institutions, in order the more speedily to advance the Humanitarian age, when every man shall be a rightful sovereign inspired with the spirit of true Liberty, and filled with wisdom, science, and piety.

### MIRACLES IN NEW ORLEANS.

The following literal translation of a communication which we have received from a French gentleman of New Orleans, will no doubt be perceived with deep interest, as alluding materially to the common stock of marvels and inexplicabilities that are now being developed. We have only to add that the communication comes to us well authenticated by collateral testimony. We have conversed with a French gentleman of this city who is intimately acquainted with the writer, and who assures us that the latter is a cool and scientific observer, and in every respect a reliable man. For the last fourteen years he has been connected with an Association for the investigation of all questions coming under the head of Animal Magnetism, Psychology, etc., which numbers among its members several distinguished gentlemen, and with the rest the Hon. Felix Garnier, President of the Senate of Louisiana. These facts render it highly improbable that our correspondent has been deceived in his observations, or that he would by any means knowingly deceive others in relating them.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8, 1855.

Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:—Dear Sirs—Within about six weeks we have successively received, through an entranced medium (an orphan girl between thirteen and fourteen years of age), a quantity of articles which I will enumerate, in round numbers, as follows: Sixty engravings on paper; one small silver crucifix; fifty small silver medals (of different sizes); two small medals of gold, and ten small books. The engravings had almost all been made in Paris; they represent so many different religious subjects; they are of different shapes and sizes, but in general they measure about three inches wide, and five or six inches high; their edges are indented to the depth of from one half to three quarters of an inch; they are therefore fragile, but they nevertheless came to us without exhibiting a single fold, or being in the least degree crumpled. The medals all represent the Virgin Mary, and are such as many Catholics suspend from the necks of their children. The books are all works of piety, and are in conformity to the Roman faith. Only one of them is in English, this having more than 200 pages, of a size a little larger than the others. The others are in French, printed in France, having 284 pages, measuring two and a half inches one way, and three and a half inches the other, and being three quarters of an inch thick. All these books seem not to have been touched since they came from the hands of the bookbinder.

There were also sometimes given to the medium, in compliance with her request, some small pieces of money, which very often disappeared in her hand without our being able to see what became of them.

In these diverse operations the medium sometimes held her hand on the table, and sometimes under it. She would now and then say, "Give, then," or "Take, then," as if she were speaking to some one. If any one interrogated her on this subject, she would say she saw some children like herself. As for me, I confess I saw nothing of the kind.

We have taken that girl into several families where she was a stranger, and there also silver medals and books have been received. It is scarcely necessary to say that before commencing a sitting, measures were taken to assure ourselves that nothing was hidden either in the clothes of the medium or in the table.

Last Sunday I conducted her to a house where she had never been. The room was perfectly lighted. The table, which was a very common one, having four legs and without a drawer, measured two feet wide and three feet long. The medium and the master of the house seated themselves at the sides of the table, and the mistress and her youngest daughter sat at the ends. Two other persons and myself remained a step from the table, and in such a position that we could see the hands of the medium. Within a few seconds the girl was







the dead, her remains side by side with the sister who in life was to  
desert—in death uppermost in her mind—and now perhaps their  
Spirits enjoy sweet companionship in the world above.”—*William*  
*Public Notices.*



